
Treasured
Memories

Grateful appreciation is expressed to the Authors and Publishers whose poems are used in this collection in the hope of bringing consolation to the many who mourn lost ones.



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B-E

OUR aim has been, in the *Service* we have rendered you during the hours of your sorrow, to do all in our power to lighten your burden and as a token of our esteem, we present this memorial in the hope that it may cause cherished memories to linger through the years.

Bates & Evans
Funeral Directors
Sonoma, California

A-586

Preface

IF life is sacred it should not be allowed to perish. True, the body will return to the dust from whence it came but the remembrance of the life should continue. Someone has said "We are not dead until we are forgotten."

As a last tribute to our Loved One we have compiled the following data in the hope that this precious life shall ever live in the minds of the oncoming generations of our family.

* * *

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh.
I have thee still and I rejoice."

—Tennyson.

HOPE ETERNAL

DEDICATED

TO THOSE, WHO MOURN SOME LOST ONE, IN THE
HOPE THAT IT MAY LIGHTEN THE BURDEN WHICH
SOMETIME MUST BEFALL ALL OF US
AND CAUSE THE SUNLIGHT OF HOPE TO
SHINE THROUGH THE DARK CLOUDS
OF SORROW.

WHEN WE GO HOME

When we go home, think you 'tis true
That we shall know as once we knew—
You speak with me and I with you—
When we go home?

When we go home I hope to see
A little face look straight at me,
Unchanged from what it used to be,
When we go home.

When we go home 'twill be to hear
A darling voice, so low and clear
Our hearts were thrilled to think it near,
When we go home.

* * *

When we go home, it must be so,
From out the shades of long-ago
Will come the friends we lost below—
When we go home.

—J. L. Scott.

IN MEMORY OF

Ruth Bigelow McDonald

Place of Birth

Grayson, California

Date of Birth

March 23 ~~1951~~ 1884

Passed Away

August 8 1951 1887

Date

Age

64	4	15
Years	*Months*	*Days*

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field*

SERVICES

Bates & Evans Chapel

Sonoma, California

Place

3 P.M. August 11, 1951

Hour *Date*

Saturday

Officiating

Rev. Stuart Potter

THE MORNING-GLORY

We wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise.
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round,—
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

—*Maria White Lowell.*

MUSIC

Organ Selections

by, Dan Ruggles

Hymns

Rock of Ages

By, Dan Ruggles

Special Music

Selection

Rendered by

Selection

Rendered by

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he:
"Have naught but the bearded grain?"
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of the flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

SERMON NOTES

"MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN"

Three words fall sweetly on my soul,
As music from an angel's lyre,
That bid my spirit spurn control,
And upward to its source aspire;
The sweetest sounds to mortals given
Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Dear Mother!—ne'er shall I forget
Thy brow, thine eye, thy pleasant smile;
Though in the sea of death hath set
Thy star of life, my guide awhile,
Oh, never shall thy form depart
From the bright pictures in my heart.

And like a bird that from the flowers,
Wing-weary seeks her wonted nest,
My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,
Turns back in childhood's Home to rest;
The cottage, garden, hill, and stream,
Still linger like a pleasant dream.

And while to one engulfing grave
By Time's swift tide we're driven,
How sweet the thought that every wave
But bears us nearer Heaven!
There we shall meet, when life is o'er.
In that blest Home, to part no more.

—*William Goldsmith Brown.*

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Sonoma

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FRIENDS WHO CALLED

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

FRIENDS WHO CALLED

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

RELATIVES ATTENDING

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

* * *

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection.
And Christ himself doth rule.

* * *

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

* * *

Not as a child shall we again behold her:
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father s mansion.
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

* * *

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

RELATIVES ATTENDING

COMPENSATION

I'd like to think when life is done
That I had filled a needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast:
That I had taken gifts divine,
The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.

I'd hate to think when life is through
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind, that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think that here and there,
When I am gone, there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;
That some one's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worth while:
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

From the book "The Path to Home," copyright 1919. Used by permission of the Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.

FINAL RESTING PLACE

Place of Interment

Grave *Lot* *Block*

Section

City *County*

State

LAID TO REST

Hour *Day* *Month* *Year*

SHE AND HE

"She is dead!" They said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her!—thy love is clay!"

About her brows, and her dear, pale face,
They tied her veil and her marriage lace

And over her bosom they crossed her hands:
"Come away," they said,—"God understands!"

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it!—Alone again—he and she!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice?—no language of death—

See now,—I listen with soul, not ear,—
What was the secret of dying, Dear?"

* * *

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way—

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear:

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone:
If your soul could see, it would all be shown

"What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry:
Oh, listen! Love lasts!—Love never will die:

"I am only your angel, who was your Bride;
And I know, that though dead, I have never died."

—*Edwin Arnold.*

FAMILY RECORD

Deceased

Ruth Bigelow McDonald

Father James R. McDonald

Birthplace Scotland

Mother Emma J. Cooper

Birthplace Sonoma, Califonia

Married to

Children

Brothers & Sisters James R., Hayward, Paul

Mark E.

AWAY

I CANNOT say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
As he wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you,—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here:

* * *

Mild and gentle, as he was brave—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things:—where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird.

And he pitied as much as a man in pain,
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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SOCIETIES ATTENDING

SOCIETIES MEMBER OF

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes
are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the young-
est critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it — lie
down for an eon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us
to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they
shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comet's hair:
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magda-
lene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never
be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in
his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God
of Things as They Are!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

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